Phantom Pain

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/53815288.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom/Will Graham, Jack Crawford/Will Graham
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom, Beverly Katz, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller
Additional Tags:	Sad, Will Graham is Not Okay, Will Graham is Bad at Feelings, Will Graham is a Mess, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford Being an Asshole, Alana Bloom & Will Graham Friendship, Implied/Referenced Suicide, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Self-Esteem Issues, Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-15 Updated: 2024-05-01 Words: 8,976 Chapters: 6/?

Phantom Pain

by oscargraham

Summary

Will Graham is a wounded soul, tormented by the demons he catches as an FBI agent. Hannibal Lecter is his psychiatrist, a cold man who cares only for Will. Will struggles with who he is and what he does for a living, and one day it all just becomes too much. Will Hannibal be able to save him?

Notes

please make sure to read tags! don’t read if you are triggered by mentions of suicidal thoughts/self-harm. if you do read and start feeling triggered, make sure to stop, keep yourself safe!

See the end of the work for more notes

The Cry of Silence

Will let out a soft sigh as he reached over to the little table beside his bed, reading the name that flashed on the screen. Jack Crawford. He took a second to prepare himself, before answering the call.
“Hello Jack.” Will spoke, his voice sounding as drained as he felt.
“Need you at a scene. Now. I’ll send over the details.”
Will looked back at his phone, seeing that Jack had hung up. He took a deep breath and raised his hands to his face, rubbing his tired eyes. He got himself out of his bed and walked through to the kitchen, putting the kettle on while he waited for Jack to send him the details. Mindlessly, he took a mug from the sink, still stained with yesterday’s coffee, and put a spoonful of instant coffee granules in, then poured in the boiling water from the kettle. To give his coffee a chance to cool down, Will got himself dressed, wearing the same chinos and checked shirt he wore yesterday. It had become his routine. Every day, he knew Jack was going to call. He knew he was going to be needed somewhere. He would make a coffee and get himself dressed. He knew he was going to be faced with death and violence. It was a routine he wanted out of. Will pet Winston, one of his dogs, as he took small sips of his coffee, still a little too hot. He glanced at his phone again to see that Jack had sent him the details. He let out another sigh, setting the half-full cup of coffee on the side, grabbing his jacket and leaving the house.

As he drove in silence to the scene, his mind was racing, thoughts firing in every direction. Will didn’t enjoy his job, not anymore. He used to feel a thrill from catching the bad guys, but now he got himself deeper in their heads every time. He hadn’t had a particularly good nights sleep, Will woke up several times drenched in sweat, panting for breath. It had been like this for years, ever since the first time Jack Crawford pulled him out of his class and put him out on the field instead. Will knew he was supposed to talk to the psychiatrist that Jack assigned to him about all of this, but he also knows all of the therapy tricks, and doesn’t want to let them work on him. Instead, Will would rather use his therapy sessions with Doctor Lecter to talk over the cases he is working or discussing the trivialities of the behavioural science unit. He would rather suffer in silence, keep his demons to himself. It was something he had done his entire life. He assumed that Hannibal knew he wasn’t coping with the job but appreciated that he never pushed Will to talk about anything he didn’t want to. He had developed a good relationship with the doctor over the years and knew he didn’t have to verbalise his feelings for Hannibal to know what he was going through.

Will pulled up to the crime scene, seeing Agent Crawford talking to the local police captain. He took another deep breath, rubbing the bridge of his nose softly. He stepped out of the car, quickly looking around to see who else was at the scene. Beverly Katz, Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price. Will let out a slight sigh of relief when he saw Hannibal standing by the other three. Wondering closer to the body, Will’s legs trembled slightly, and he had to close his eyes for a second to try regaining awareness of his surroundings. He looked down at the body laying on the ground, a perfectly normal murder, something he saw a lot when he was a cop. But there was something different, something eerie about this victim.

“They’re calling him The Smiling Man, pins his victim’s mouth to make a smile after he kills them,” Crawford started. Will could barely hear Jack as he stared at the victim, the cold, dead eyes staring back at him. He tried to look away, to break the eye contact he held with this corpse, but he found it difficult to draw his eyes away.
“Let’s give him space folks,” Jack announced, ushering everyone away to give Will the privacy he needed to look. He took his glasses off and put them in his pocket, before closing his eyes, trying to see the murder from the killer’s perspective. When he closed his eyes, however, all Will could see was the eyes of the victim, glowing ominously in the darkness. He tried harder to look, clenching his eyes shut harder. Still, all he could see were the eyes, this time accompanied by the perfectly horrific smile. Will’s eyes snapped open as he stumbled backwards into a wall, his breath quick and shaky. He could see Hannibal running towards him, pushing past people and even stopping Jack from moving towards him.
“Will. Will it’s Hannibal. Tell me, what do you see, what troubles you?” Hannibal’s hand was holding Will’s shoulder with a soft grip, just enough to ground him and bring him back to the present moment, but not enough to freak Will out even more or make him uncomfortable.
“The eyes,” Will responded. His voice sounded terrified, as if he could see them still. Hannibal could see the distress Will was in and helped him up, guiding him slowly back to his car. He got Will to sit in the passenger seat, doing his seatbelt up for him and gently closing the door. He stormed over to Jack and had what looked like quite a heated discussion, then went back to the car and got in.
“I’m taking you back home. We don’t have to talk about what happened if you don’t want to. At least let me stay tonight to look after you.” Will nodded softly, unable to push any words out of his mouth. Hannibal drove to Will’s house carefully, glancing over at the younger man occasionally. The entire drive home, Will leant his head against the window, his arms curled around his body, a vacant expression over his face. Hannibal could see Will trembling, jumping every so often as he was lost in thought. He couldn’t help but wonder what ailed his friend.

A few hours later, they arrived at Will’s house. Hannibal instantly got out of the car, going to Will’s door and offering him a hand to get into the house. Will politely refused, walking himself through the front door. He felt a slight wave of embarrassment as he looked around the house, the mess starting to feel a little overwhelming. Hannibal saw the mess of Will’s house, but never made a comment of it. Instead, he just sat down a chair that was free from dirty clothes and gestured to Will to sit down. Will reluctantly took himself over to the chair, clearing off the clothes that were piled on it.
“Do you want to talk about it?” Hannibal asked, already aware that Will wouldn’t want to. Will looked at Hannibal, almost insulted that he would ask.
“Do you want to talk about what you and Jack were arguing about?” Will responded, avoiding eye contact with the doctor. Hannibal recognised the defensive behaviour Will was displaying but chose to play into it.
“I told Jack months ago to take you out the field, put you back in the classroom, at least for a few months. I can see the toll this job is having on you. I just thought a couple months away from it would do you good. But Jack refused, he didn’t want to lose his favourite bloodhound, even if just for a few months. Ever since I could see you getting worse, until today. I told Jack he’s pushed you over the edge this time. He’s broken his favourite bloodhound.”
Will was taken back by Hannibal’s honesty, and also hated the fact he was right. He was at his breaking point; he did feel like he was near the edge. He was broken. Will looked away,

not wanting the older man to see the tears building in his eyes.
“Please leave. I’m okay now,” Will demanded, eyes fixed on the floor beside him. He didn’t want to be in the room with the ever so deceptive Hannibal Lecter. He didn’t want to be analysed for every action he performed, for every thought he had. He didn’t want company whilst he felt the way he did.
“Will…,” Hannibal started, genuine concern carrying his words.
“Just go.” Will sounded harsher this time, more serious about the demand. Hannibal nodded, standing himself up and walking towards the door. He stopped as he reached out for the door handle.
“Please don’t hesitate to call me, Will. Whatever the time, whatever the problem.”

Will sat there in the silence of his home, tears slowly trickling down his face. He hated feeling like this, he hated crying, even if he was in the comfort of his own home. Will let himself sit there for a moment, hopeful he might feel better after he let his emotions out. When he realised it wasn’t working. Will managed to take himself through to the kitchen, his body feeling heavy, and poured a small glass of whiskey. He went through to his bedroom and set the whiskey down on his bedside table, then took off his shirt, sitting himself at the edge of his bed. Will took the glass in one hand, sipping a little bit, and looked down at his other arm, a collection of faint white and deep red lines scattered carelessly. His crying got heavier as he glanced at the razor blade sitting beside where he set his glass. Will hated this, it reminded him of being a scared teenager, desperate for an escape of the feelings inside. He never wanted to do any serious harm to himself, at least that’s what he thought; he only wanted to ease the pain. A soft sigh escaped his lips as he picked up the blade, inspecting it, twirling it between his fingers, lost in thought. Slowly, he took the blade to the skin on his forearm, resting it there for a second, not pushing it in or dragging it across. Just resting. He picked up his glass and drank the last mouthful of whiskey. Heavy breaths invaded his chest again as he shut his eyes, leaning his head backwards. He pictured the eyes, illuminated by the darkness of his mind, accompanied with the smile, grinning eerily. Will pushed the blade down into his arm, dragging it slowly across the already scarred flesh. He winced a little as he felt the blade move, re-opening his eyes to watch the blood slowly form in little blobs along the cut. Letting out an alleviated breath, Will felt a little more comfortable, as if a weight was lifting off his shoulders, pushing the image of the eyes out of his head. He took the blade again to a different spot, repeating the motion several times. Will watched as blood flowed from his cuts, collecting in little pools on his pants. Feeling satisfied, he went into the bathroom and turned on the shower, making it warmer than he normally would. He stripped himself of the rest of his clothes, climbing into the shower and sitting down, staring absently at the wall as the water washed his arm of blood, stinging slightly as it did so. The water dripped from his curls down his face, pattering down on his pained body. As he sat there, he thought of Hannibal, what he had said as he left his house.

In Too Deep

Chapter Notes

> this chapter focuses pretty heavy on Will's emotional state. as always make sure to stop reading if you are uncomfortable or feel triggered by anything in this chapter. be kind to yourself

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will's eyes darted open, his heartbeat rapid and pounding in his chest. He tried to take a deep breath in to calm himself down, but ended up choking on the air, making his breathing go faster. His eyes bounced around the room to make sure he was alone, catching a glimpse of the time on his alarm clock. A sickening 03:42 looked back at him. Will held his face in his hands, stifling back a sob, the feeling of a bubble building in his throat. He couldn't shake the feeling that he was being watched by those eyes. He tried to get himself, his body feeling too weak and trembly. Instead, he admitted defeat and lay there in the dark, trying to think of anything other than the nightmare that abruptly ended his sleep. Will knew he wouldn't be able to fall back asleep before he had to leave for work, and it was a thought that bothered him. He may not have been the best sleeper ever, not at any point at his life, but he was annoyed at the fact he had less than 4 hours sleep every night for the past month. He was tired.

Staring at the ceiling, Will could see the eyes. An uncomfortable feeling built in his chest, and he started to feel nauseous. The eyes grew closer, moving around as if they were taunting Will. He let out a scream as they reached his face, squeezing his eyes shut and curling himself into a ball to try protecting himself from them. His breathing grew heavy, a tingling feeling starting in his feet. When he got the courage to open his eyes again, the eyes had gone. The nauseous feeling in his stomach got stronger as he took himself to the bathroom, his legs unsteady with every step. He washed his face with water, desperately hoping he could wash away all of his demons. He looked down at his arm and saw the array of fresh scars covering his forearms. The feeling of his heart sinking made the nausea worse, and he clutched the sides of the toilet, his knuckles turning white, as a thick rush of fluid filled his mouth. He flushed the toilet, tears prickling his eyes, one of his arms wrapping around his stomach. He looked at his arm again, hoping he had imagined the sight he saw earlier. Will leant his body against the wall of his bathroom, running a single finger along the cuts on his arm, feeling the bumps on his skin. He let the tears from his eyes fall and thought of Hannibal, wondering if he should tell the doctor what he has done. Will had never told anyone about this habit of his, he had always kept his feelings close to his chest and was very good at hiding things. He never trusted anyone enough to tell them, always scared of the judgement he would receive. However, Will knew he trusted Hannibal, and Hannibal would be able to help him, be able to put a stop to this behaviour once and for all. He shook his head to himself in disbelief that he had even thought about asking for help and got up from the bathroom floor.

Will sat in the car outside the office, praying to quiet his mind before he had to face Jack Crawford for his previous day's behaviour. His hands held onto the steering wheel, a sweat building in his palms, the fabric of his shirt rubbing against the cuts on his flesh. He was overwhelmed by his emotions, his breathing quickened. The nauseas feeling returned to his stomach and tears built up in his eyes. Will was overly aware of how uncomfortable he felt, and wished he could just rip his clothes from his body, even take his skin off just to feel better. He started to punch his thighs with one of his hands, trying to feel some sort of control over his feelings. A knock at his window couldn't even distract him from the moment or ground him in anyway. The door of his car opened, Will still oblivious as he was sobbing and frantically hitting his leg still.

"Will," a thickly accented voice said softly, the figure leaning down to be at eye level with Will. Will glanced to the side, to see who it was, still unable to bring himself out of the state. Hannibal watched as Will took quick, panicked breaths.

"Will, I want you to focus on my voice okay, just concentrate, try to reach out and pull yourself back from this. Become in the moment again." Will looked at Hannibal again, stopping his hands from punching his legs.

"That's good, Will. Do you mind if I sit beside you?" Hannibal asked, speaking as soft as possible, softer than Will had ever heard him. Will just looked at the passenger seat in response, still violently sobbing and unable to take a proper breath. Hannibal closed Will's door and walked to the other side of the car, sitting down in the passenger seat beside Will. He reached a hand out to Will's hand resting on the steering wheel, gently placing his hand on top.

"Will I want you to close your eyes for me, okay? Take a deep breath in. Match the timing of your breath with my thumb on your hand," Hannibal instructed, still keeping his hand on Will's, gently rubbing his thumb on the back of Will's hand, keeping a timing for Will to regulate his breathing. Will did as Hannibal said, slowing his breathing down exactly as Hannibal told him to. When he opened his eyes again, he looked over at Hannibal, seeing his worried expression. A little confused, Will looked around trying to gather himself, fully bringing him back.

"I'm okay, thank you Hannibal. I just need to get to work. I'll be fine," Will tried to reassure Hannibal, though he didn't entirely believe the words coming from his own mouth.

"Will you need to take more care of yourself, you can't keep pushing yourself like this," Hannibal said, moving the hand he had on Will's up to his face, gently wiping the tear-stained cheeks. Will leaned into Hannibal's hands slightly, a strange feeling of comfort washing over him.

"I promise, Hannibal. I'm okay," Will said, getting out of his car. Hannibal went to follow Will, then realised he should trust him. Will would come to him if he needed help, he was absolutely sure of it. Hannibal knew the kind of guy Will was, and was sure that Will would ask for help if he was past his breaking point. He sighed a little as he went to his own car, still the thought of a struggling Will at the foreground of his mind.

Chapter End Notes

hopefully you are enjoying the story so far, let me know what y'all think

Everything Falls Apart

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Standing in the autopsy room, Will was staring at the latest victim of The Smiling Man. The only other person in the room was Jack Crawford. He hadn't said anything to Will yet about yesterday, and Will was hoping he wouldn't bring it up at all. He knew he had to get inside this killer's head for Jack to be satisfied. Taking a long, deep breath in, Will closed his eyes, remembering everything he had read in the files about this case. He imagined himself at the most recent scene, inside the house of the victim.
"I knock Mr Johnson to the ground before wrapping my hands around his neck, watching his eyes as I squeeze the life out of his body. This is my design." Will spoke out loud, speaking the thoughts of the killer as he performed the murder. In this state, he saw everything the killer did, felt everything the killer did. as if he was the one doing the actions. It was a curse. At least it felt like a curse to Will. He payed close attention as he watched himself re-positioning Mr Johnson, moving him from the kitchen to the living room, sitting him upright on the armchair. He looked around the house, finding a hammer and nails, making sure to put the nails in the corner of the mouth, forming that eery smile that Will had often imagined. Then there were the eyes. He could see that the killer didn't do anything with the eyes – they were naturally that haunting after death. He was aware that eyes remained the same after death; you die with your eyes open, they stay open. It was the expression of the eyes that got to Will. He felt like he could feel their surprise, their shock, their despair.

"Will? Do you know why he did it? We need to know how we can stop this guy," Jack asked. Will opened his eyes again, regaining consciousness in the present moment and seeing that he and Jack were now joined by the rest of the team.
"I believe we are looking for someone with a severe mental illness, probably depression or borderline personality disorder. He will have difficulty with emotional regulation, which could make it harder to see a pattern. This killer probably acts on impulse, not with any method or planning," Will guessed, looking over to Beverly, hoping she could add to what he was saying.
"Harder to catch a guy who presumably has no traceable motive or pattern," she added. Herself, Jimmy and Brian started bouncing ideas off of each other, coming up with ideas on how they draw up a more accurate psychological profile. Will stood in the corner, deep in thought, once again thinking as the killer did. He picked up the files, scanning the pages trying to pick out information he may have overlooked. That's when it hit him; all the victims were depressed. In all the victims' houses, forensics found suicide notes, thought to be written by the victims because of the different handwriting and mannerisms.

"The smile is a representation of how he wishes he could feel. He doesn't feel happy himself, so he wishes that his victims can be permanently happy," Will muttered, only just loud enough to be heard by the group. They all stopped to look at him, waiting for Will to elaborate.
"The victims were all in therapy. All had mental health issues. There must be some form of link between them. Somehow the killer knew his victims didn't want to live anymore. Maybe

they all had the same therapist. He thought he was saving them from this life by taking it away from them," Will explained, still stood in the corner of the room. He gave his forearm a little rub, the skin now beginning to sting. As he did this, his face flinched a little which Beverly took notice of.
"Okay, Zeller, Clark, try to find this link between the victims. Look for anything and everything you can. Will, I want you and Beverly to study those letters, try to see if you can find anything in them that could give us any clues" Jack ordered.

Will and Beverly sat in silence, looking at the letters in front of them. Will could barely focus on the writing, his mind foggy and his arm aching to be free of his shirt, the itching getting unbearable. He started rubbing his arm again, glancing at Beverly to see if she noticed. She tried not to make a comment on it, rather diverting his attention to another letter. Will was grateful for the distraction, convinced she knew but was just too nice to ask about it, or too scared.
"They are written by the killer, fractured fragments of his thoughts. He might have some sort of personality disorder. Each have different handwriting and different mannerisms, but the thoughts are consistently the same. He may actually believe he has multiple personalities, multiple versions of himself."
"Will, how are you?" Beverly asked, completely ignoring his observations, which annoyed Will slightly.
"I'm okay," Will answered, avoiding eye contact, his head twitching slightly. he brought a hand to his arm again, not entirely aware he had done so. Beverley saw this and put a hand on Will's, which made him reactively flinch, and he stood up.
"I would be better if we could just catch this guy. We need to find a therapist in the area that has a specialty in treating patients with personality disorders. I'm going to tell Jack." Will almost stormed out of the room, tears building in his eyes. He was uncomfortable with touch at the best of times, but today he just seemed even more on edge, more overstimulated than normal. He took some aspirin from his pocket as he made his way to Jack's office.

On the way, he rolled the sleeves of his shirt up, forgetting the marks from the previous nights' activities. Will felt self-conscious as he walked the halls, people looking at him with sad faces, leaning into each other and whispering. He quickly realised why and muttered a little 'fuck' to himself as he covered his arms back up. He stood outside Jack's office for a minute, trying to recollect his thoughts.
"Will, is that you?" a voice asked from inside the room. Will walked in hoping he looked presentable and not in anyway how he felt. He looked at Jack, opening his mouth to relay the information he had just said to Beverly. Jack held a single finger up, signalling to Will not to say anything.
"You look tired, Will. Are you doing okay?" Jack asked in a feeble attempt to make it look like he cared. Will rolled his eyes and turned around to leave the room, slamming the door behind him. He wanted to leave, he had enough for today. If one more person asked him that question, he thought he was going to lose it. His clothes felt like they were constricting him, getting tighter around his body with every second.

Practically running through the hallways, dodging past people, Will turned a corner and bumped into Alana Bloom, knocking her papers out of her hands. He skidded to a halt, looking down at the mess he had created. He was annoyed at himself for this, so focused on getting out of the building that he hadn't thought about the fact there were other people

walking the halls, standing just around the corners.
“Shit, sorry. Fuck. Let me help you,” Will panicked, frantically picking up the papers. Alana watched him, a sorrowful expression washing over her. He was kneeling on the floor now, hunched over, picking up papers.
“Will. It’s okay. How are you today?” she asked, genuinely curious. Tears fell from his eyes as he darted his eyes away, hoping Alana didn’t see him crying. He shoved her papers back in her arms.
“Why does everyone keep fucking asking me that?” Will cried out, running away again.

Will finally made it to the front doors of the building, running through them and straight to his car. He got in and instantly started tearing his shirt off, scratching at his arms underneath. Will was bawling now, rocking himself back and forwards in his seat, blood trickling down his arms. Hannibal watched from his own car and wondered what had happened, asked himself if he should go see Will and help him, or let Will ride his feelings out himself. It hurt Hannibal to see Will this way. Never before had he felt such a strong connection for another person. He felt protective over Will, he wanted to save him from the monsters that roamed his head. He decided it was best not interrupt Will – he clearly had an emotional day and thought it best to let him recover in his own way.

Will had stopped crying and turned the car ignition on, now sitting shirtless and covered in his own blood, pulling away from the space he had parked his car and racing off down the road. He had opened his windows, the feeling of the cold bitter air flowing over him almost felt refreshing. His foot pressed down harder on the accelerator pedal, and he sped off home, not caring if he got into an accident or got stopped by the police. At least if he got arrested, he wouldn’t be able to work with Jack anymore. A little smile curled in the corner of his lip at that thought. This was the most alive Will had felt in months, driving free down the long country roads, not a care in the world if he gets stopped or worse, the fresh air battering over his half-naked body.

Chapter End Notes

will freaking out about everyone asking him if he’s okay is loosely based on how much i want to tear my skin off every time someone asks me that question. idk why it annoys me so much but never ask me that question ever pls i will rip my ears off and cry

I’m Not Okay (I Promise)

Will sat in the quiet loneliness of his home, his phone in one hand, twirling it as he took a sip of whiskey from the glass he held in the other hand. He felt a strange air of calmness and even a little glimmer of happiness. He thought back to the several moments he had that day while was at work and was glad for the relief he felt now. He let out a small exhale and dialled a number on his phone.
“Hi, are you free right now? I just thought I could do with some company and right now it feels as if you’re the only friend I have.”

Will got up from his chair as he heard a car rolling into the driveway. He opened the door to see Hannibal holding a bottle of wine and plate of food.
“I wasn’t sure if you would have eaten anything yet, so I brought us some food,” Hannibal said, holding out the plate for Will to take. Admittedly, he hadn’t been eating properly for ages, so was grateful for this gesture from his friend. Hannibal walked into the house, greeted by all the dogs. He knelt down to pet them as Will watched, a smile now plastered on his face.
“They like you, Hannibal,” he chuckled, placing the plate on his little table and grabbing two smaller plates and setting them down. Hannibal stood back up and sat at the table, while Will was looking for some wine glasses. After failing to locate some, he set down two of his whiskey glasses on the table.
“I’m not usually one to enjoy wine, you’ll have to excuse the lack of appropriate glass,” he said as he sat down opposite Hannibal. They enjoyed the meal together, recalling some of their favourite memories of working cases together.

After they finished eating, Will gathered the plates and took them to the sink to wash them. He deliberated for a second, not wanting to roll his sleeves up and concern his friend but also not wanting to feel uncomfortable when the bottom of his sleeves inevitably got wet.
“You okay, Will?” Hannibal asked. Unlike when everyone else who had asked that question to him today, Will felt like Hannibal genuinely cared for the answer. He turned himself around and leant against the countertop, looking down at his feet. He hesitated, then rolled the sleeves of his shirt up, showing his scarred forearms. Hannibal set his glass down and walked over to Will, taking his hands in his and looking at his arms, not judgemental or sorrowful like people usually were.
“My dear Will, I won’t force you to talk about it if you don’t want to, but I am here for you, I want you to know that.” Hannibal said his words so softly that Will felt like he could cry, but he managed to stifle the tears and nod his head.
“I would like to talk about it, at some point, but for now, I would just like to enjoy your company,” Will responded, looking directly into Hannibal’s eyes.
“May I give you a hug?” Hannibal asked, looking down to see Will’s hands still in his. Will looked off to the side slightly, then stepped closer to Hannibal, just giving a little nod. Hannibal smiled a little, pulling Will into the hug, one of his hands holding the small of his back, bringing Will close into his body, the other holding the back of his head, fingers slowly playing with the mop of curls on top of Will’s head. Will melted into Hannibal, his head resting on Hannibal’s shoulder, one arm wrapped around his neck, the other hand resting on Hannibal’s chest. As they held the hug, Will felt the cry that was building in his throat erupt,

and he started sobbing, burrowing his face in Hannibal's neck. Hannibal started rubbing the hand that was on Will's back in circles in response, occasionally letting out a soft shushing noise, swaying their bodies softly.
"It's okay, dear Will, let it out," Hannibal said gently, resting his chin softly on the top of Will's head.

After a while of the two stood in Will's kitchen like this, Will lifted his head off Hannibal's shoulder, the two of them still in close proximity to each other.
"I think I'd like to talk, but I need another glass of wine first," he said hoarsely, looking up at Hannibal, who just nodded, breaking the hug. Will let out a soft sigh, missing the heat he felt escape as Hannibal moved to pour them both another glass, then directing Will to the couch, which Hannibal noted Will had cleaned before he arrived. They sat beside each other, bodies touching and took a sip in unison. Will curled up against Hannibal, which made Hannibal instinctively wrap an arm around him and pull him closer.
"What's been going on, my dear? I've noticed this silent battle you've been fighting by yourself has gotten worse the past few days. May I remind you of earlier today, in the car, or yesterday when you shut me down." Will closed his eyes, holding back more tears, relaxing slightly as he could feel the rise and fall of Hannibal's breaths.
"It feels so stupid to say that all of these feelings are because of my job, I wish there was more going on in my life than just that. I feel as though it would justify my reactions more if the problem was larger than just work," Will started. Hannibal took another sip of his wine.
"Will, you mustn't disparage your own feelings down to nothing like this. It is okay to have whatever reaction you feel necessary to any trigger that may be fired your way. You are not less of a man for reacting the way you have to the prolonged trauma your mind has experienced, not just in this job but in your entire life too." Will felt more comfortable and at ease now and went on to try tell Hannibal about his feelings, needing the occasional push from the doctor. The only thing he didn't share was about him injuring himself, about his life-long battle with cutting himself.

The two stayed cuddled up on the couch together for what seemed like ages, watching the little fireplace crackle and the dogs relaxing on the floor around them. Will had started to wonder what their friendship had become, as they sat there, bodies sharing the same heat. Hannibal had wondered the same thing, glad the the feelings he had for Will were finally being put on display. All the subtleties he had displayed throughout the most recent year, hand placements and choice of language, felt like they had finally paid off. Hannibal was glad, as well, that after years of being Will's therapist, he finally felt safe enough to open up and actually talk about his feelings with Hannibal, even if it was mostly through broken sentences and manly grunts.

Will was the first to move from their position, standing up to get more wine. Hannibal followed, watching Will pour the glass. He took note that Will was comfortable enough to have his sleeves rolled up still. Taking Will's hand, Hannibal gently ran a finger up his arm, Will shivering slightly at the sensation. They looked at each other, deep into the other's eyes. Hannibal could see the desperation and sadness in Will's eyes that he had talked so openly to him about, a glimmer of sadness flickering in his own eyes. Will placed a hand on Hannibal's side, his other hand still being held by Hannibal. Hannibal lifted Will's arm up, gently planting a soft kiss at the top of his forearm. A feeling of electricity shot through Will.
"I promise, you will be okay, my dear Will," Hannibal whispered, moving down Will's arm

and planting another soft kiss. Will's heart was racing, unsure he had felt this way about anyone before. Hannibal kept leaving small kisses down the length of his arm. When he got to Will's hand, he held it daintily, looking into Will's eyes as he gave a final soft kiss on the back of his hand. That's when Will noticed the tiny little scar on the bridge of Hannibal's nose, his mind recalling the incident when he received it. Hannibal feared Will had been dead, and it scared him. Remembering this, Will closed the space between them, looking down at Hannibal's lips. Hannibal reciprocated, and gently their lips met, just for a short moment. When they both pulled away from the moment, Hannibal looked at Will, who had already taken two steps away and was pacing the kitchen, rubbing the back of his neck anxiously.

"Do you want me to leave?" Hannibal asked, aware that Will seemed uncomfortable. Will didn't respond, only leant his elbows on the surface and buried his head in his hands. Hannibal took that as a sign, lifting his plate from the side and leaving the house. Will heard the door of Hannibal's car close and started hitting himself in the head.
"Stupid…fucking…idiot…shit…fuck…fuck…kiss your fucking therapist…shit," he mumbled, pacing the kitchen agin, still hitting his head. Hannibal watched through the window from his car. He knew Will was emotionally vulnerable, and still let himself take advantage of him. Ashamed of his actions, Hannibal drove home in silence, thinking about what he may have done to their relationship, what damage he may have done to Will.

Tears Don’t Fall

Chapter Notes

> this one is particularly heavy so as always a reminder to stop reading if you feel triggered by anything

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will was sat on the edge of his bed, hunched over, head in his hands. The only thing he could think about was the fact he had kissed Hannibal. Why? Was it a desperate reach for a reminder of his own humanity? A hope that there are still good people in this world he had grown to dislike. Unlike everyone else in his life, Hannibal had always shown him compassion, had always been kind to him. Will found this unusual as he had seen Hannibal’s cold exterior he shows to everyone else. Did Hannibal really like him? His thoughts on the topic continued spiralling as he went back through to the kitchen to pour himself another whiskey. Leaning against the kitchen counter, he stared blanklly out of the window, deep in thought as the rain started to fall.

Will sat at the low-lit table by his front door, pouring his third glass of whiskey. He looked at the blank piece of paper in front of him, knowing he had to leave some kind of explanation, more so for Hannibal than anyone else. He hadn’t expected things to turn out the way they had between him and Hannibal. Back when he started his therapy sessions with him, he could barely stand to be in the room with Hannibal. Now he was one of few people who Will felt truly comfortable around, like he didn’t have to pretend to be happy. Will thought about what he would write about Jack. He didn’t care if it made Jack out to be the villain in his story. After all, Hannibal was right; Jack had broken him. The routine he had been trapped in for the past few years destroyed every part of his soul. Will had already been a wounded soul, fractured by his traumatic childhood, which as a young adult he attempted to bury. Jack putting him in the field again just brought everything to the surface again, years of pain becoming relevant again. It did make Will a better agent, his ability to feel everything, but at what cost? He now felt like an empty shell of a man, resorting to causing himself pain to feel alive again. Will took a drink of his whiskey, savouring the taste in his mouth for a moment, and picked up the pen, finally putting some words on paper. He wrote how he honestly felt, which these days, was not a lot.

In the shadowy cover of the moonless night, the rain fell down in torrents, crashing on the ground in despair. Will stood in the rain, fighting the demons that haunted every waking hour and tormented his every dream. The burden he carried, the weight of countless murders and restless souls followed him, and he desperately yearned for an escape, a release from the pain he felt every day. The most recent demon haunted him the most, the image of the victim’s eyes was burned into his brain, invading his mind every time he closed his eyes. He got too far inside the head of this one, feeling every feeling he did, thinking how he did, relating to him.

Will stood in the rain, contemplating. Was he really about to do this? A wave of doubt washed over him as he thought once more of Hannibal, the only man he had ever trusted. Could he really do this to his friend? Will was sure that Hannibal would be the only person to care about his death. Maybe he could just disappear and start a new life. Take the dogs and move somewhere new, get a job fixing boats like he used to do, something that wouldn't be so taxing on him mentally. He tried to shake the image of his own potential happiness out of his mind. Will knew what he needed to do, what needed to be done for his soul to finally be free of all the pain this world had made him suffer.

Shakily, he pulled his hunting knife from his pocket, his breathing growing heavier. The tears built in his eyes but refused to fall down his face. Will brought the knife to the bare skin on his arm, the dim light from his house reflecting off the blade. He shuddered as the cold steel pressed against his skin, a whisper of the relief he would soon feel. He closed his eyes and pressed the blade down, dragging it down the length of his forearm. He stood there for a second in shock, as the crimson red trickled down his arm, dripping off of his fingertips. Will fell to the ground, the feeling of regret building in his stomach, grasping hold of his arm as the blood poured out. He reached for his phone out of his back pocket and dialled Hannibal's number. He lay there on the field in front of his house, his vision slowly turning black, his whimpers slowing down as all the energy he had within slowly left him. The rain fell heavier, as the world seemed to fall silent around him.

When he woke up, it took Will a second to familiarise himself with where he was. Dazed and confused, he looked around. Red walls, luxurious chairs set opposite from each other, an ornate bookshelf covering every wall on the upper level of the room. He was in Dr Lecter's office. Will held his arm up, wincing in pain as he looked at the bandages that were desperately trying to keep the blood inside his arm. "Hannibal?" Will asked to the empty room, his voice hoarse and gravelly. He was struggling to keep his eyes open, his head dropping to the side. Will felt warmth in his cheeks as fingers held his face, keeping his head in an upright position. "Will? Will, it's Hannibal. I'm taking you to the hospital." The voice spoke softly, which almost brought a smile to Will's lips. Instead, he felt himself drifting off again.

This time when he woke, Will heard the constant beeping of machines around him, the agonising fluorescent lights caused an ache behind his eyes. He looked around him to see Hannibal sitting in the guest chair, his head leaning on the wall behind, and his eyes shut. He looked peaceful, Will thought to himself. Will put his head back on the pillow, his entire body aching. At this point, he just wanted to be at home with his dogs again. He got a fright when he looked up and saw Jack Crawford standing at the foot of the bed, eyebrows furrowed, and lips turned downwards into a frown. Will silently pleaded that Hannibal would wake up, to protect him from the wrath he was about to receive from Jack.

"What the hell!" Jack inquired; an underlying tone of defeat cast its shadow across his voice.
"Jack, I'm sorry, I just…" Will started, his eyes trailing off to the side, not wanting to look at the man before him.
"You just what?" he asked, his voice raised slightly and sounding angrier than before. Will opened his mouth to try get an answer out, but he felt a bubble rising in his throat, and the tears built up in his eyes. He desperately tried to hold them back, swallowing deeply to get rid of the bubble that held up his words.

“Well?!” Jack bellowed, waking the doctor who sat by the bedside. Hannibal’s eyelids fluttered open, looking at Jack. The Doctor’s facial expression changed from peaceful to annoyed as he looked at Jack.
“Jack, a word?” Hannibal spoke calmly, standing up and gesturing to the door. Will watched as the two men left the room, standing just outside the door. Will tried to hear what they were saying but could only hear the occasional grunts of Agent Crawford. He watched as Jack peeked through the window before turning around and walking away. Hannibal opened the door and gently slid into the room.
“Get some rest, Will. I will take you home tomorrow.”

Chapter End Notes

sorry it’s been a while. i didn’t really know what direction to take this and life got in the way massively which didn’t help.

Pieces

Hannibal had driven home for the night, hoping to get his guest room set up for Will to stay in. However, when he got through the front door, he went straight to the kitchen and opened up a bottle of wine, pouring himself a glass. He took it through to his office and sat himself down in his chair. The fire crackled as he stared deeply through the flames, almost in a dissociative state. Hannibal thought back to that night. He and Will had enjoyed a pleasant evening together. Wine, food, Will finally opening up about himself. It felt like progress, like after all these years, Will had finally taken the jump to just trust Hannibal. Now, as he stared at the little flames dancing, he wondered if Will had let himself open up to Hannibal because he had already made a decision, thought it wouldn't matter if someone knew his secrets because he wasn't going to be there much longer. Hannibal took a long sip of his wine, remembering the scars on Will's arms, obviously fresh. He couldn't believe he had just left Will's house, knowing the fragile mental state Will must have been in. Tears pricked Hannibal's eyes, as he took a quick inhale and blinked his eyelids rapidly to try ridding his eyes of the tears. He stood up and lay himself down on the chaise lounge. The thought of having to sort his guest room out popped into his head, but he quickly shook that thought as he drifted off to sleep.

When Hannibal woke the next morning, body still draped over the chaise lounge, he heard someone banging at his door. Still a little disoriented from not sleeping in his bed, Hannibal went to the front door and opened it up. Alana Bloom pushed past him, inviting herself into his home.
"Please, Alana. Do come in, make yourself at home," Hannibal muttered, just loud enough for Alana to hear. He may have been tired, but he still had his wit. Alana had made her way into the kitchen, already opening a bottle of Rioja. Hannibal took a quick glance at the time. 10:45. He took one of the glasses Alana had poured, bringing it up to his mouth. He lingered for a second, insure if he wanted to indulge himself with a glass of wine whilst his best friend was in the hospital. He sat the glass down on the side, watching as Alana poured herself another glass.
"I had thought you were a beer person, Alana. Why the sudden love for a bottle of red?" Hannibal asked, genuine concern in his voice. Alana snapped her head to look at Hannibal, tear-stained cheeks mixed with her eye make-up dripping down from her eyes.
"Are you fucking kidding me, right? Will. Hospital. Suicide? Why didn't you do something. Why didn't you stop him. Surely you fucking knew something. Three years! Three years and you learnt nothing from him!?" Hannibal stood there in silence, allowing Alana to get it all out. She had hit him on the chest, not very hard, but enough for him to feel the pain she felt right now. After she was done, Alana started sobbing, her head resting against Hannibal's chest. He gently wrapped his arms around her, trying to soothe her a little bit.
"He never started telling the truth until that night," Hannibal responded, desperately trying to not only make Alana feel better, but also himself.

Hannibal sat in the chair beside Will's hospital bed, holding Will's hand between both of his own. He watched Will sleep peacefully, happy to see the rise and fall of his breathing in his chest, the occasional flinch of his head as a reaction to whatever he was dreaming. He thought again to that night, receiving the phone call from Will. He thought Will wouldn't talk

to him for ages after the kiss. For a split second he was happy to see Will's name appear on the screen, a happiness that was instantly illiminated by the pained sounds coming from the other end of the call. Hannibal remembers frantically speaking down the phone, desperate for an answer, but only hearing groans and huffs. He had jumped into his car and raced over to Will's house, praying to a god, any god, for Will to be okay. Hannibal didn't know what he would do without Will and was just glad to see his friend was unsuccessful at his attempt. He had held Will's arm close to him, getting blood all over his suit, his face, even in his hair, rocking back and forth, the tears from his eyes mixing with the rain from the sky.

Will slowly opened his eyes, squinting slightly as he tried to figure out who was in the room. He opened his mouth in an attempt to talk, but his throat was too dry to make any noise come out. Hannibal stood up and grabbed the cup of water from the table, angling the straw to make it easier for Will to take. He looked down at Will and smiled. Will could have sworn he saw a tear fall from Hannibal's eye, which made him grin lightly. Hannibal placed one of his hands on Will's cheek, softly moving his thumb across his face. Will leaned into his hand slightly.
"I'm sorry, Hannibal." Will's words exited his mouth shakily, looking away as he couldn't bear to look Hannibal in the eyes as he said them. He was sorry. Sorry that he was unsuccessful. Sorry that no matter the outcome of his decisions that night, he still would have hurt Hannibal. Hannibal sushed Will, which made Will turn back to look at him. Hannibal took Will's arm in his hands, still covered from elbow to wrist in bandages.
"It's okay my dear, you have nothing to apologise for. I understand."

The two sat in the hospital room, Will asking Hannibal lots of questions about each of his dogs and Hannibal patiently answering, because he knew it mattered a great deal to Will. Once Hannibal thought Will was done, he placed his hand on top of Will's again. He knew they needed to talk about the events of that night, specifically the kiss. It was a moment that had kept replaying itself in Hannibal's mind.
"Will. Could I ask you about something? We need to talk about…the kiss." Will's cheeks blushed slightly, turning his head away in slight embarrassment.
"Could we not talk about it in our next session?" Will asked. Hannibal deliberated the answer, and as he went to respond, the nurse walked into the room, holding a clipboard with what Will had guessed to be discharge papers. He was talked through all the support tools and groups he could use to help him in his recovery, a note for his sick leave from work, as well as a list of other psychiatrists in the area.
"I don't need that list. I already have a psychiatrist," Will said, confusion wavering his voice. He looked over at Hannibal, that confusion now plastered on his face.
"Agent Crawford requested them, said he didn't want you to see Dr Lecter as your psychiatrist anymore, just as your friend," the nurse responeded, handing the papers over to Will. Hannibal could see that Will was starting to get stressed by the situation. He thanked the nurse for looking after Will and put a hand on his shoulder.
"Will, my dear. It is okay. I will speak with Jack, get this ordeal sorted out. For now, you're staying with me, as are your dogs." Will nodded, not making eye contact. He just stared straight in front of him, trying to focus on anything other than the thought of having to do his stupid therapy sessions with anyone other than Hannibal. Trying not to think about the inevitable conversation the two would have to share about their friendship. He was finally comfortable with someone, and he wanted to tell Hannibal everything, from the start. Something he should have done a long time ago.

End Notes

this is my first time writing any type of fanfic so please let me know if there is anything i can improve! i will try to update this as often as possible between my work. have a good day :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!